

Puck

PARIS BY NIGHT
Double-Page in Color
by Ralph Barton

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 27, 1915

PRICE TEN CENTS



Painted by Alonzo Kimball

GOOD FOR THE BLUES

*Born 1820
—Still going strong.*



"AH, VAIN REGRETS! ONE CANNOT BRING BACK THE PAST."

"THAT IS WHERE YOU ARE WRONG. IF 'JOHNNIE WALKER RED LABEL' WERE NOT A THING OF THE PAST, IT WOULD NOT BE PROTECTED FROM THE PRESENT BY THAT CLEVER NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE."

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Puck

A Thanksgiving Brewing of PUCK'S Tea-Pot

Will Mr. Hermon Trent, of Englewood, N. J., please indicate his presence by holding up the right hand? Hermon, the New York *Sun* declares you are a sure-enough person, even if you do think checkers is a naughty, naughty game; but the Rev. P. S. Merrill, of Miami, Florida, has done some long-distance gum-shoeing, and says you do not exist. And what is more, the Rev. Mr. Merrill says so vociferously:

EDITOR PUCK: Your letter of October 1 in reply to one from me of September 28, was not satisfactory. Your claim that "Prohibition Ad Absurdum" was based on fact and not fake, and your pain that I should suspect your good faith in that editorial simply led me to investigate your Englewood authority. Your man Trent appears to belong to the grand army of lying liquor fakes. He has about the same relation to the Anti-Saloon League that you have—that of a defamer.

Now if PUCK and Trent are not in the employ of a common master the magazine will hasten to disavow Trent. Nothing short of an acknowledgment that "Prohibition Ad Absurdum" was nothing but foul rot ad absurdum, will meet the case. No self-respecting publication can show such disrespect for its honest readers as to do less.

A magazine that devotes itself much to jokes cannot afford to make itself the funniest joke of all, ad absurdum. Anybody fit to run a funny paper should be beyond the reach of swindles so self-revealing. One who can be fooled by such transparent humbugs is far too innocent to publish PUCK, or even to be at large in a world like this.

To make sure whether PUCK is wicked or only a fool I shall scan future editions, to the end of my year, to see how you vindicate that precious "good faith." Shall I look in vain? Meanwhile, with pity for your gullibility or with contempt for your cupidity, I do not know which, I am,

Sincerely yours,
P. S. MERRILL.

Now, the point is, the Rev. Mr. Merrill, down in Miami, doesn't yet tell us how he discovered that Mr. Trent never roams the Palisades at Englewood, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes upon the wicked Gomorrah that raises its skyline across the Hudson. Which brings us quite naturally to the following letter:

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR PUCK: Each number you seem to improve—never bromidic—never dull. Your color pages are a positive joy and your spirit is more—it helps us laugh and forget the Hell raging on another continent. And will the date for the Holiday Number, that only yesterday you promised, never come? That Friday is eagerly awaited by

Yours for more success,

C. B. TATE.

P. S.—And, PUCK, never mind the prudes—they have always been, and ever will be, but did they ever really make an impression? C. B. T.

And the HOLIDAY PUCK is already on the press, ready to make its



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HY MAYER.

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appearance next Monday morning as an entirely new kind of holiday number.

Mr. Carl Miller has made a most important discovery. If Mr. Miller will appear, the third morning after reading this, in Madison Square, wearing an Iron Cross for purposes of identification, we'll deliver over to him the large consignment of King George's gold which has been thrust into our unwilling hands. Says Mr. Miller:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear Sirs!

I am very sorry that your publication the "Puck" which I read now since 1885 seems to be bought up by British gold lately, otherwise I could not understand the tendency of your publication which in no means is neutral but in every respect anti German. The worst I see is undoubtedly your number bringing the pictures of Jesus & Hindenburg. This I think is intended to raise more animosity against every thing German. The Puck will be banned from my place from now on and I will use this number for agitation amongst my friends against your publication

Yours
CARL MILLER

As we hasten to erect barbed wire entanglements against the onslaught of Mr. Miller's friends, we pause to print a letter bearing a message from the real trenches:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR PUCK: Since I have just read in this week's PUCK of the new quarters you are in, I would like to mention the fact that I believe PUCK is also entering "new quarters" (somewhere in France).

I may state I have a brother who is with the "Princess Pats," and in the last letter from him he tells me PUCK

is so thoroughly read by the whole battalion that by the time it is returned to him, same is hardly decipherable.

In short, he says that the receiving of PUCK, amongst a few American magazines I send him every week, is an event to be looked forward to, and when received makes them forget their trials and tribulations for at least a few hours.

Thanking you and your magazine of fun,

Believe me to be,
A Constant Reader,

A. W. SMITH.

The Holiday Puck

And, now, let us see what the editorial room has in store for us in the HOLIDAY PUCK—unquestionably destined to be the finest number of PUCK ever issued.

In the matter of color, we find "The Struggle for Life," by Christian Krogh, a Norwegian. This canvas was awarded the silver medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. F. Earl Christy is responsible for the cover, and Hamilton King has done in "The Comet," one of his best bits of startling composition. B. Cory Kilvert is a newcomer in the pages of the new PUCK, and he has a color page that will make many a father ponder long in his rôle of Santa Claus. W. E. Hill and Harry Morse Myers, both PUCK favorites, are represented in color, and in the double-page Hy Mayer gives his fancy full vein in his "Christmas Suggestions for Well-Known Men."

From Paris, Ralph Barton has sent us a bit of color in which a striking phase of Teutonic "frightfulness" receives full emphasis.

Other art features include two typical pages by Van Buren, a clever piece of satire by Rodney Thomson and interesting Holiday suggestions by Archie Gunn and Merle Johnson.

On the literary side of the house we find a brilliant bit of satirical fun-making by Herbert Tolan, over which we can already picture the editors of our contemporaries gnashing their editorial teeth. James Huneker fares forth into the wilds of Gotham in search of a real Christmas dinner—and finds it! Richard Le Gallienne is at his best in the "Lure of the Road Unknown," and Stephen Leacock writes inimitably of the movies. Naturally, a PUCK Christmas would be incomplete without a peek in at Mrs. Canary's, and Mrs. Smith-Dayton finds a genial gathering in festive mood.

If you would make certain of receiving the HOLIDAY PUCK without delay, leave an order with your newsdealer to-day.



GRINAGRAMS

Though pleased with the defeat of the Suffrage amendment, the Antis of New York, according to one of their number, feel the necessity of "a strong organization in every county of the state" if the Suffragists are to be beaten permanently. "A strong organization!" Nothing is funnier than the entrance of women into politics for the stern purpose of proving that women have no wish to enter politics.

Internal Revenue officials have discovered that 500,000 gallons of whiskey are "recovered" from the staves of old whiskey barrels. A patent breakfast-food, sure of popularity, would be Shredded Barrel Staves.

Lo! the poor Indian is never safe. They used to get his land away from him by means of colored glass and beads. Now they try to separate him and it by means of innocent appearing "jokers" in seemingly benevolent bills. The only safe Indian is a dead Indain, and even at that they may get his grave.

Sometimes I voted for men who turned my stomach, but I said to myself: "Bad as they are, they're Republicans after all."

—A prominent Republican.

Corollary: To be a regular Republican, one must have a strong stomach.

As for myself, I pay dearly, very dearly, for everything I buy.

—A certain persecuted tenor.

Not everything. The Monkey House fine, if we remember correctly, was only ten dollars.

Some people are never satisfied. A New Jersey serenader complains because the serenadee threw a seltzer bottle at him. Did he think she was going to hunt around for an empty champagne bottle?

A fully equipped Duke costs as much to keep up as a couple of Dreadnoughts.—*Lloyd George.*

And, unlike a Dreadnought, you can't throw a Duke on the scrap heap when he gets to be out of date.

The International Pure Food Congress has defined olive oil as "oil extracted from the fruit of the olive tree." No mistake about it, it is getting harder every day to make an honest living.

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Jewels

FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-SIXTH,
NEW YORK

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DREICER & CO

Jewels

FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-SIXTH
NEW YORK

BRANCH AT CHICAGO
THE BLACKSTONE



THE NEWS IN RIME

Veres by DANA BURNET

A hundred-pound rhinoceros
Was born to a museum—
The child is doing nicely, thanks,
It gains a ton per diem!
Sir Woodrow warned the hyphenates
That we could do without 'em,
But Bryan's love,
Like some pale dove,
Still flutters 'round about 'em.

Chas. Murphy's well-known tiger cat
Is looking rather merry,
As though it had devoured some
Political canary.
'Tis said an onion, taken neat,
Will cure one's morbid feeling;
John Bull should chew
A bulb or two—
And Broadway stars are reeling.

Ohio clung to Demon Rum,
In spite of all advices.
She would not quaff his epitaph
In lemonades and ices.
Terpsichore—the Castles' friend—
Is sadly hibernating,
The tango links
Are roller rinks,
And all the world is skating.



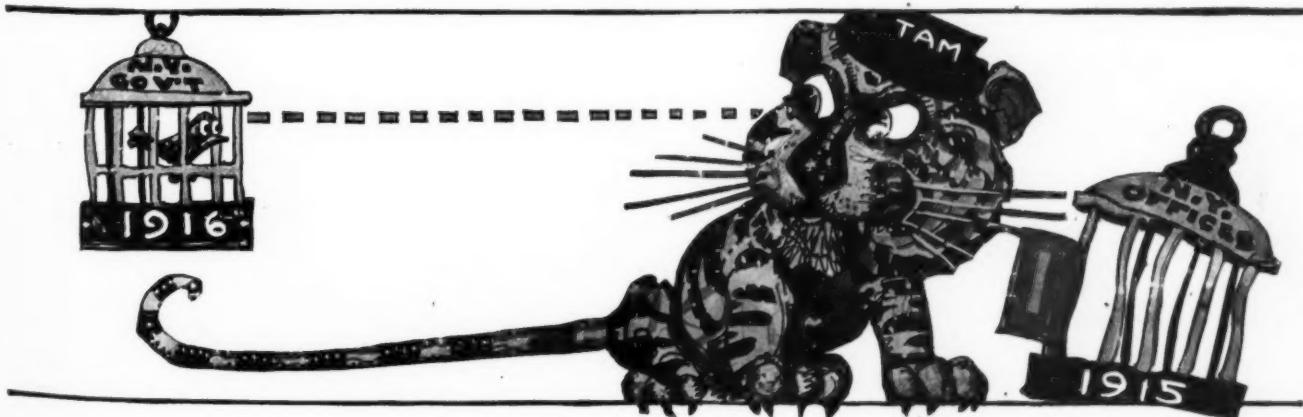
Steel helmets now are being worn
By folks whose trade is fighting.
First thing we know this life of ours
Won't be a bit exciting.
Eugenics laws are being passed
To make our weddings safer;
You give your miss
A germ-proof kiss—
She gives you back a wafer.

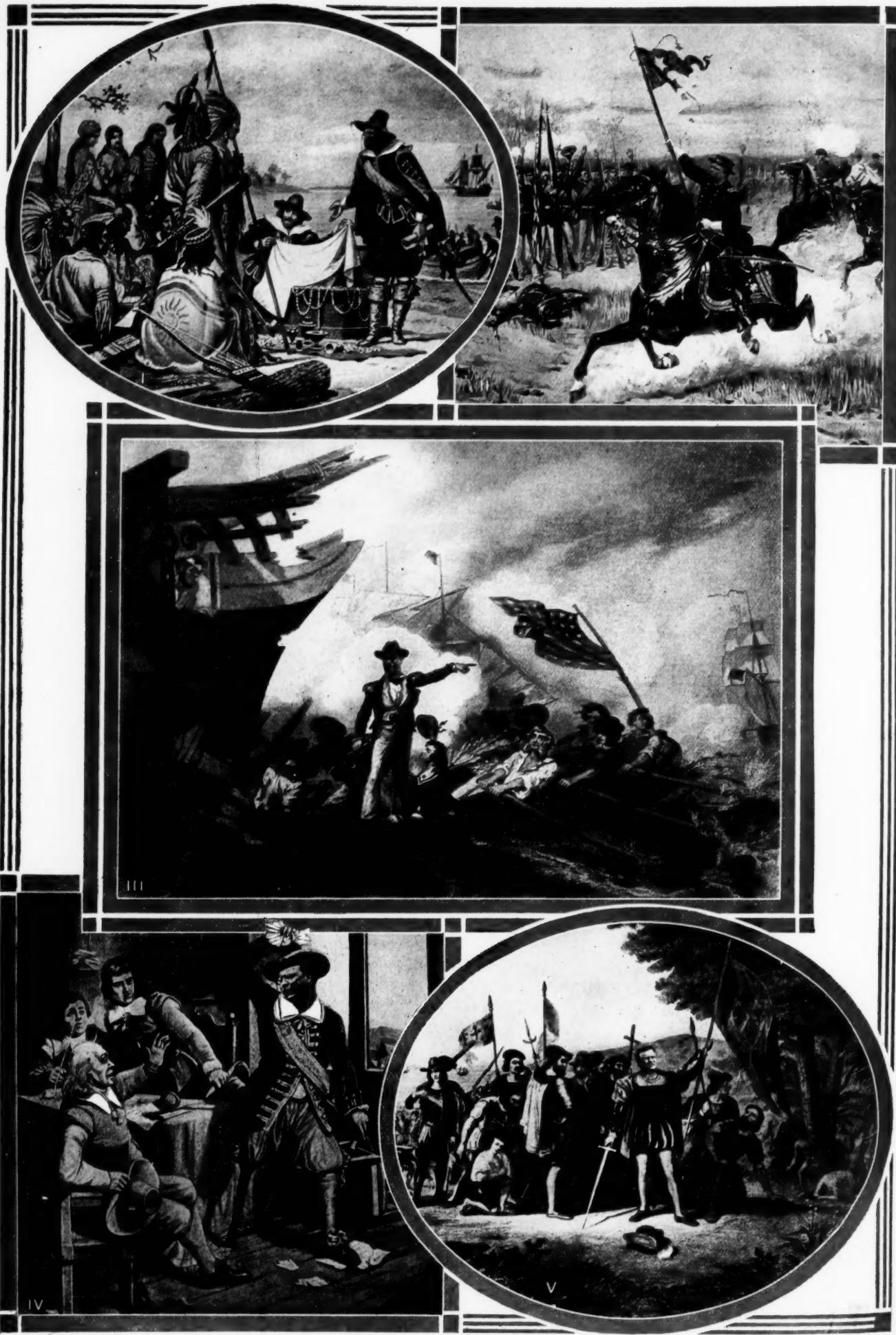
Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

Poor China doesn't want to be
A Democratic scholar.
No Oriental ever learned
To love a linen collar.
The latest spooks are quite de luxe—
They regularly ramble,
And stay up nights
To see the sights,
And drink, and smoke, and gamble!

The public libraries were asked
To part with all their fictions.
Would that include—we pause to ask—
The Kaiser's peace predictions?
The Feminists deplore their skirts,
They're plotting to divide 'em.
It seems our chins
Betray our sins—
No doubt that's why we hide 'em.

Potato Bugs, the savants say,
Are melancholy creatures.
We never would have noticed it—
They have such gentle features.
Sir Garrison would give our swords
A badly needed stropping.
Preparedness
Is in a mess—
And Mrs. Galt went shopping.





HISTORY REPAINED FOR BULL MOOSE HEADQUARTERS

Upper left-hand corner—The purchase of Manhattan Island by the Dutch
Lower left-hand corner—Peter Stuyvesant refuses to surrender New Amsterdam to the English

Upper right-hand corner—Sheridan's ride "Up from the South at break of day"
Lower right-hand corner—Columbus discovering America

Center—Commodore Perry at the Battle of Lake Erie

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"What Fools These Mortals Be"



Puck

(Established 1877)

VOL. LXXXVIII. NO. 2021. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 27, 1915

Woman and the Ballot

LET us not editorialize on the subject of Woman Suffrage in New York. Let us rather rely on the news reports of New York daily papers, the day after election, to demonstrate the desirability of women at the polls. One of the arguments raised by the Anti-Suffragists was that woman would be debased by her contact with the election machinery, that she would be dragged down to the depths of the ward-heeler's level by her association with the male voter. Let us see how election-day facts bore out this doleful prophecy:

(From the New York Times)

Suffrage Women Tame an Election. Feminine Watchers at the Polls Treated with Courtesy in All Parts of the City. Rowdies Not in Evidence. Not a Fight is Reported, and Few Men Get Be-fuddled with Drink Before Casting Their Ballots.

(From the New York World)

If the women contemplated difficulties with the election boards in the polling places, they were disappointed, for courtesy so general would have been difficult to better. Even in districts where the feeling against the amendment was openly hostile the woman watchers were treated with the utmost consideration.

(From the New York Sun)

From the Battery to The Bronx, from the East River to the North River and in the outlying districts of Greater New York as well, the 4,000-odd women who watched at the polls or acted as pickets outside received the most chivalrous treatment yesterday.

(From the New York Tribune)

Woman earned her place in New York politics yesterday. She earned it because she made good at the polls. On the very day when voters were denying her the right to be in politics she was there already, and New York was the better for it.

And these are but four. The newspapers of the metropolis were unanimous in their judgment.

Instead of suffering a degradation from their contact with the ballot, woman raised the election to a level of order and decency never before attained in New York City. Whether women need the ballot is a question perhaps open to argument. But that the ballot needs the women is too apparent for serious discussion. Facts are facts.

The Imperial Godfather

As a further encouragement of large families in Germany, Emperor William now promises to be godfather, not only to the seventh and eighth sons born in succession, but also to the seventh, eighth, and ninth sons born with a daughter or daughters intervening.—*Cable despach*.

WITH what a burst of enthusiasm, with what shouts of gladness and thanksgiving, must this announcement have been received in the Fatherland. The Fatherland? Nay; the God-fatherland, if you please, for Wilhelm has shown himself to be more than a monarch. He is the personal friend, the royal patron, of every Teuton family.

When a shooting preserve has been exhausted, when the ranks of the grouse, the partridge and the pheasant are depleted by gunpowder, it is useless to try to restock it by any such means as the above. The grouse, the partridge and the pheasant are lacking in human intelligence. They would not understand the honor which was paid them.

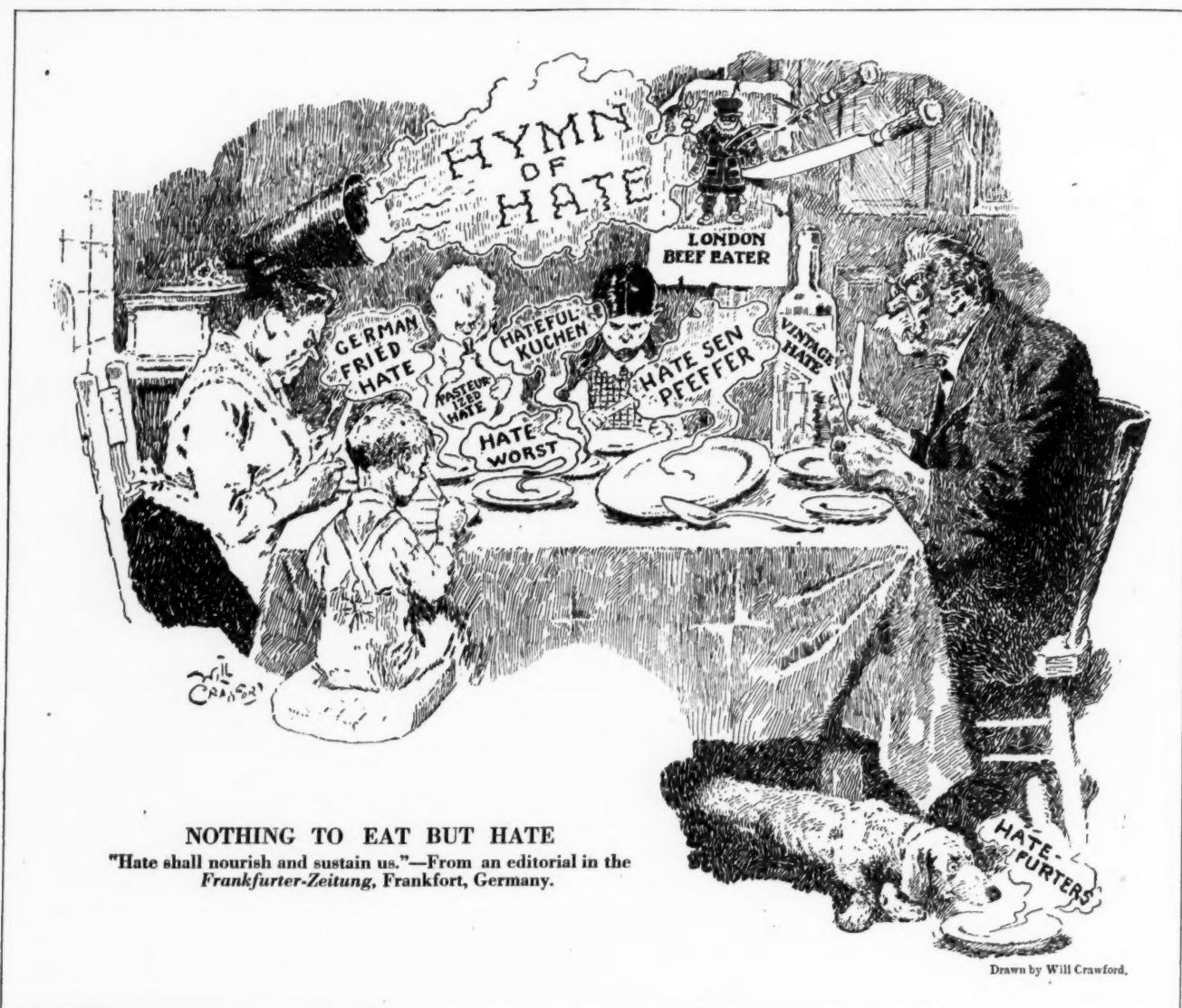
Likewise, trout. When a trout pond is fished out, there would be satisfaction in the offer to stand godfather to a million or so baby trout—if the trout could be made to comprehend the distinction conferred upon them and the implied obligation of prolific parenthood. But trout, too, lack human intelligence. Understanding would be denied them.

Blessed, then, are humans, for *they* can understand. When the ranks of boys are depleted by gunpowder, it is possible to restock them by appeals to patriotism, or as in the present case, by offers of royal patronage. The human game preserve in Europe is in danger of exhaustion—German losses alone are placed at several million—and restocking it is a vital matter. Timely is the Kaiser's offer. With no godfather at all, or a godfather of humble station, there would be scant inducement for German parents to fill up the ranks, to raise their boys for the firing line. But assured of the Kaiser's patronage, who would not gladly contribute his flesh and blood?

When kings hunt game of low intelligence, they sit still, gun in hand, while men employed for the purpose beat the bush and drive the game toward them. With game of high intelligence, with human game, such tactics are unnecessary. The game comes of its own accord, joyfully—a king having offered to be its godfather.

WITH the bulk of Germany properly appreciative of the Kaiser's affection, small wonder the German Socialist organ, *Vorwaerts*, was suppressed for asking questions. Such queries as, "Why are we shedding our blood?" and "What is the prize for which we are striving?" if circulated broadcast would plant in Teuton bosoms a shocking lack of faith in the all-wisdom of the imperial godfather. "There's not to reason why; there's but to breed and die," is or should be sufficient.

Puck



The Urge of the Metropolis

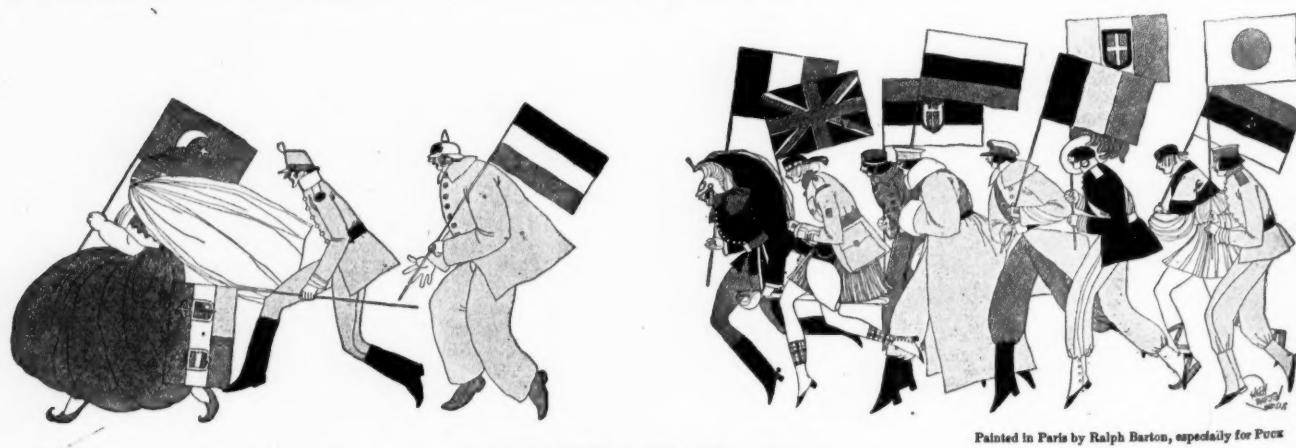
RADIANT and smiling she entered. Several paces behind her he followed. She was of the soft, rounded type with laughing eyes and spun-gold hair. He was tall, bored, and gracefully dignified.

As they entered both seemed eager, expectant, anticipatory—she in her bright way, he in his more restrained

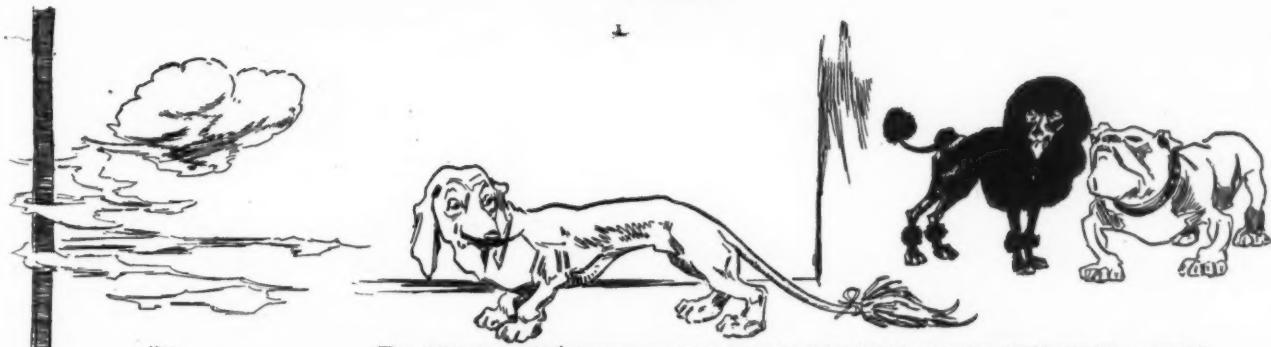
manner. Each leaned forward perceptibly, as if expecting someone or something. With a quick, eager glance she looked around; her face changed to pique and pout. He seemed annoyed yet resignedly tolerant. Suddenly she became wild-eyed, and in despair flung her arms aloft as though clutching at some forlorn hope. He lost much of his dignity and all of his

grace. His head jerked strangely, his hat balanced uncertainly on his nose, and with a crack his cane resounded on the floor. Instinctively he stretched out his arms in time to envelop her reeling form and both staggered backwards mid faint screams and angry words.

The green motorman had started the car.



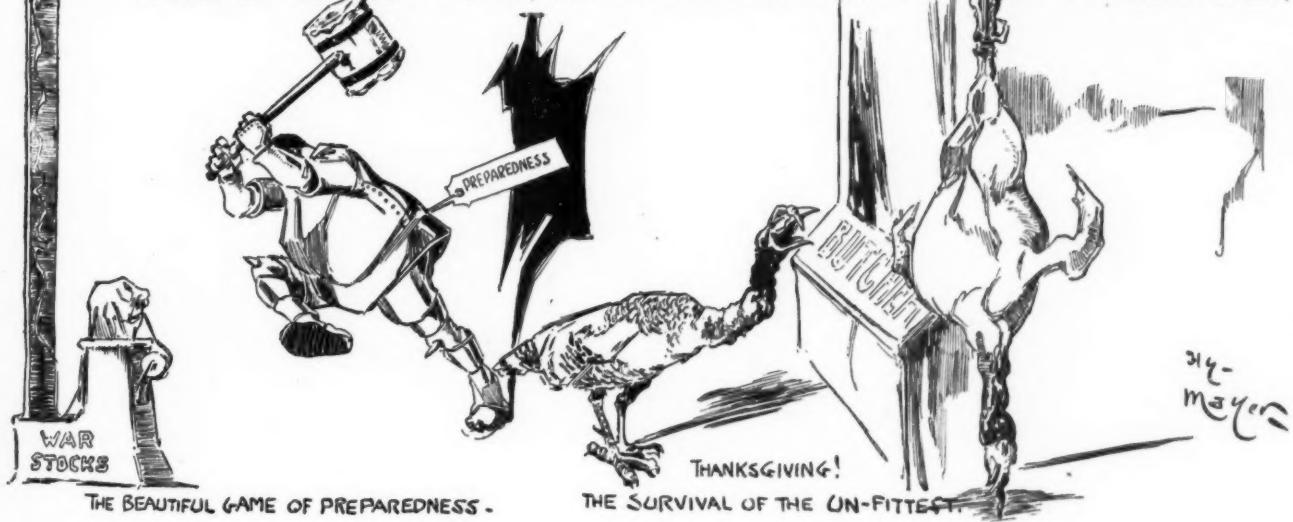
Puck



THE OTHERS : "HE'S CERTAINLY TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH THAT NEUTRAL STUFF
PUTTING ON A FRENCH MOUSTACHE AND A LION'S TAIL!"



IN GREATEST NEW YORK - "HEY, SHTOP DROPPING THOT NOOSEPAPER AN' LITTERING UP THE SHTRREET!"



THE BEAUTIFUL GAME OF PREPAREDNESS .

HYMAYEROGLYPHICS

By Hy Mayer

Autumn Art "I never read books, I review them!" was the proud retort of a gifted young literary editor who had been accused of actually reading a book. Now, I can't say I never go to picture galleries because I paint myself. Let me here deny the horrid rumor that I

hide myself out Flatbush way there to secretly daub canvases with cubist's symbols. I can't even etch, much less draw. Therefore, I was bound

to become a critic of art (this is "writ ironical"). I never paint portraits, I write about them, ought to be my motto. But it isn't. Mine is—If you like a canvas or a sculpture, be honest and attempt to pin down your joy to paper. You won't succeed. Literature is supposed to interpret the other arts, but it doesn't. It attempts to describe patterns in color or clay and arouse in the mind of the reader adequate images. It is only an illusion. If your imagination is powerfully affected, it is the art of the writer that is the cause; the verbal art of Fromentin, Ruskin, Pater, R. A. M. Stevenson, or any of the masters of written speech. And having made my little bow and apology, draw the curtain and watch the new pictures of the Autumn exhibition season as they move by. Some are decidedly entertaining. Let's drop in first at the Montross galleries.

Montross and the Chinese Mr. Montross ought to be a happy man; that is, if happiness can be attained through aesthetic gratification. He lives all day in

his spacious galleries, with some of the best products of Chinese art; paintings, porcelains, glass, glazed pottery, marble, bronzes, and stone sculptures. Suffice to say, the collection is one of Mr. A. W. Bahr's, long known as a connoisseur and specialist. For those who believe there is anything novel in the manifestations of latter-day art, let them visit Mr. Montross and study his walls. There they will see the grandiose and the intimate, heroic figures heroically modeled and the discreet tenderness of family life. To hear such critics as Clive Bell talk about "significant line," you might suppose the modest, laborious Paul Cézanne had discovered the bulk, density and emotional quality of, still-life and landscape. Here are all these things and a hundred others undreamed of by Cézanne and his misguided followers, the cubists, and dating as far back as the Chow dynasty, 1122-255 B. C. There's nothing new in European art. Everything was forestalled by the pictorial genius of the Chinese, who were boldly plagiarized by the Japanese. This clever race was successful in securing an European following before the Chinese; with the Caucasian race first comers are always in the right. Compared with the decorative grandeur and fidelity to life of the Chinese, the Japanese are "*petits-mâitres*." They lack the poetic imagination and boldness of technical grasp of the Chinese. There are portraits at the Montross exhibition which are more massive than Tiziano's, or those of Velasquez at the Prado, and their tonalities are as sumptuous and as subtle. There are interiors, the simple rhythmic spacing and modulatory tones of which would make James Whistler open his eyes, were he alive. There are flat surfaces, full of mystery, a background for the repercussion of such a single motive as a stork in meditation. Ecstasy is superinduced by the



The Seven Arts
by James Huneker

emotional arabesques, by the sheer beauty of line. Of the characterization in the portraits of the men, of the shy virginal sweetness in the silhouettes of the girls, I dare not dwell upon, for I might be accused of praising mere "illustration." It is the latest fashionable snobbery to ad-

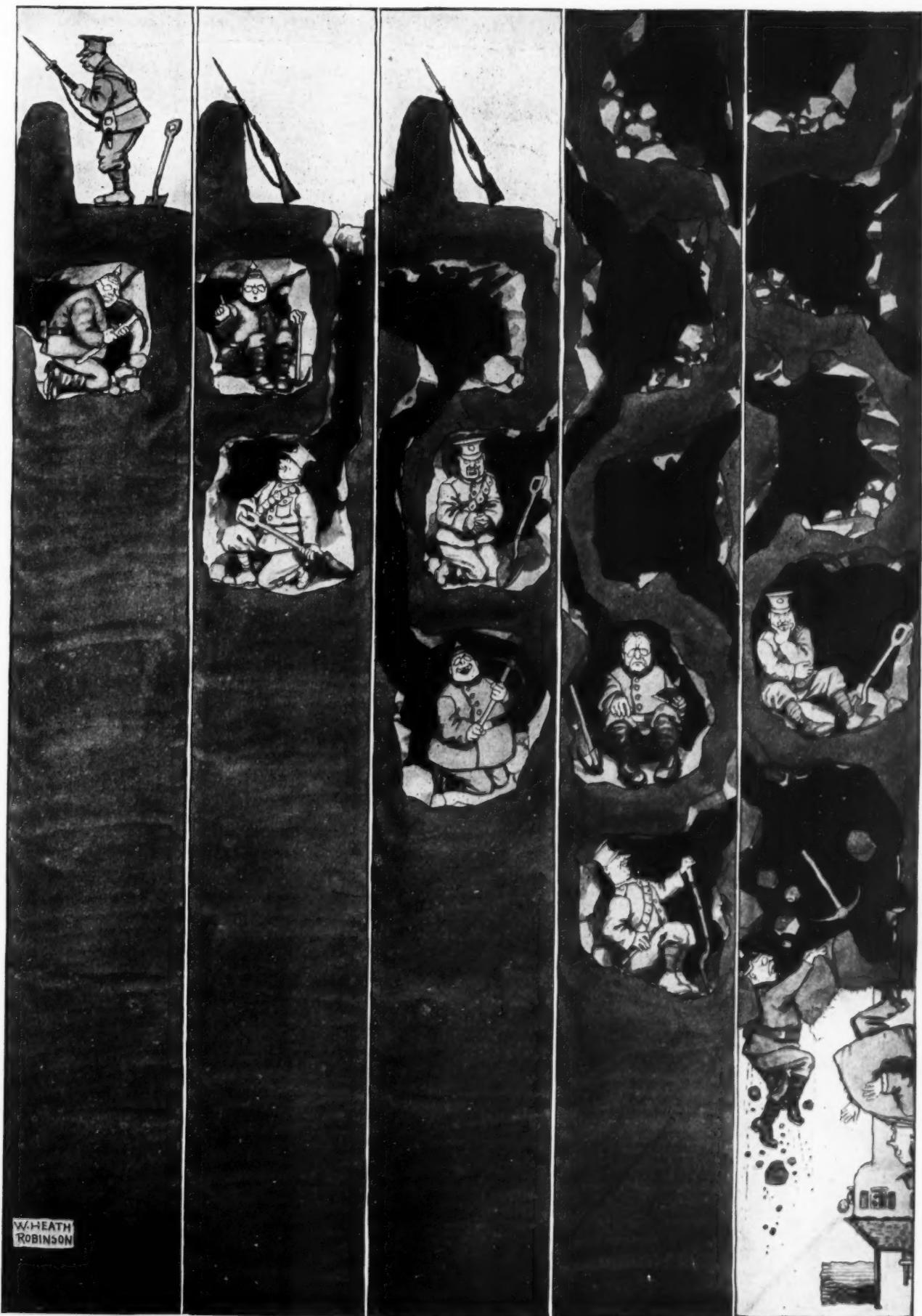
mire only incomprehensible and darkly esoteric design. I was asked the other day if I didn't think a certain curious drawing wasn't "expressive." I fear

my answer gave pain, for I said: "Yes, if a section of open plumbing is ever 'expressive!'" Last, but not negligible, are the Chinese landscapes which will be "modern" in the thirtieth century. Go to the Montross galleries and rejoice your eyes.

It is a peculiarly appealing exhibition at *Rembrandt to Bauer* the Keppel galleries, devoted to certain selected Dutch masters of etchings and drawings from Rembrandt to Bauer. The conjunction of the two names is a happy one. Marius Bauer, of whom I wrote twenty years ago, is one of the big men in contemporary Holland art. You may enjoy his etched work and drawings in the Municipal Museum at Amsterdam; also his paintings. He was profoundly influenced by Rembrandt in his etched plates, but has achieved a personal synthesis. He is a seer of visions, as was the mightiest Dutchman of them all, and like Rembrandt, though in a lesser degree, he is an expert with the needle. Of Dutch-Jewish stock (as some believe the Miller's son to have been; the family name was Herman-Harmenz van Rijn), Bauer has gone to the Orient for his inspiration, and it is to the East we owe such drawings as the "Jeremiah," a masterpiece in racial melancholy. Bauer was born in 1867. Mr. David Keppel has hung some of the marvelous plates of Rembrandt; the Dr. Faustus, the Presentation (in the Dark Manner), and others; several of the women, washing their feet, preparing to dress, are here, and you no longer wonder over the originality of Edgar Degas. Rembrandt anticipated his series of old and young women of modern life. Jong Kind and Josef Israels are on view, the former represented by a few rarely seen etchings. But the glory of the exhibition is Rembrandt, that Rembrandt who was recently denounced by a "new" English critic as the "corrupter" of modern art. Then Shakespeare and Goethe and Velasquez must be "corrupters" in the same august company.

Anne Goldthwaite's method is so swift and straightforward that her paintings, chiefly portraits, and her etchings and watercolors were unanimously praised when shown at the Berlin Photographic Company gallery on Madison Avenue. Martin Birnbaum, in his preface to the catalogue, tells us that Miss Goldthwaite is a Southern girl who went to Paris after studying here with Walter Shirlaw. She has evidently sat at the feet of Manet, Cézanne and Van Gogh, though using her own eyes and going her own way. The portrait of James, Cardinal Gibbons, is not convincing; but that of Dr. Bellinger (the Vicar of St. Agnes) is, despite its summary execution. Her self-portrait is very vital, broadly seen and broadly brushed in. Inter-

(Continued on page 18.)



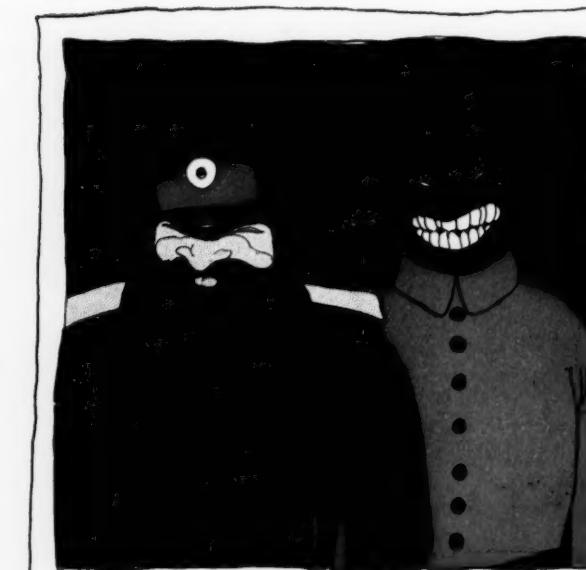
Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

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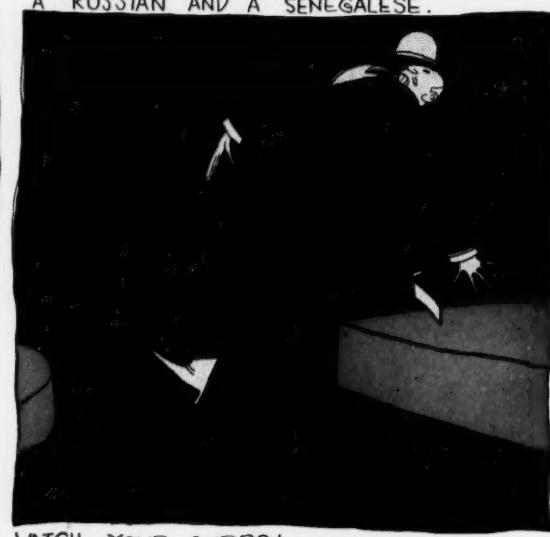
MINE AND COUNTERMINE IN THE TRENCHES

- (1) FRITZ TO TOMMY: "Herr Englander, look out!"
- (2) TOMMY TO FRITZ: "Well, what about it?"
- (3) FRITZ TO TOMMY: "Ach so, Herr Englander, he who laughs last —"
- (4) TOMMY TO FRITZ: "Sold again, old sport!"
- (5) After six months of this sort of thing—America!

Puck



A RUSSIAN AND A SENECALESE.



WATCH YOUR CURBS!

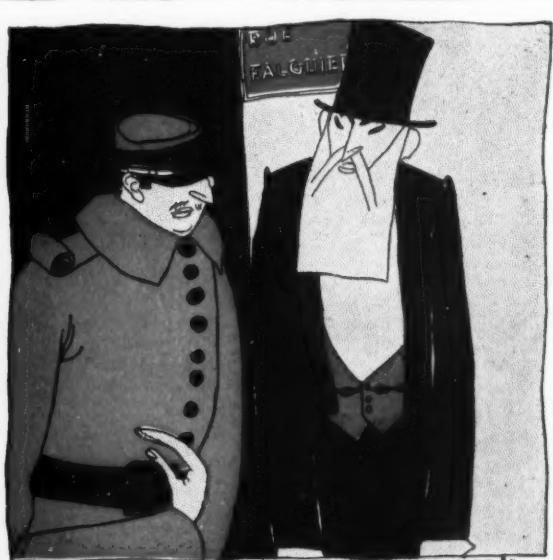


TAXIS GIVE A "CHINA-TOWN-\$I" EFFECT.



PARIS BY NIGHT
THE CITY TRANSFORMED BY THE POLICE REGULATIONS

uck



Painted in Paris by Ralph Barton, especially for PUCK

BY NIGHT

LICE REGULATIONS GUARDING AGAINST ZEPPELINS



WAR BABIES
Wow, BUT IT'S TOUGH TO BE WOUNDED

Drawn by Karl Link

Buck

From the Household Primer

Here we have two little boys, Edgar and Waldo.

Edgar is a frail little plant, somewhat resembling a small cucumber, while Waldo, in physical get-up, is a young stevedore.

Both Edgar and Waldo have kind mothers, who dress their boys in very nice clothes.

Let us see how Edgar's mother dresses Edgar. On week-days, he wears a complete little cowboy suit, with braided buckskin gauntlets and a wide sombrero, and on Sunday, when he goes to Sunday school, he sports a long-pants sailor suit, with pea-jacket and a hat with "Invincible" in gold letters.

And now let us see how Waldo's mother dresses Waldo. On week-days, Waldo wears a Russian blouse suit and dainty socks, with a hat that is held on by a broad, black elastic, while his Sunday make-up is purple velvet in the general cut of that made famous by Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Why, in mercy's name, do mothers of brittle little things dress them up for the part of Davy Crockett or Blackbeard, the Pirate?

And why, likewise, do the mothers of prehistoric monsters get them up like a "great big beautiful doll?"

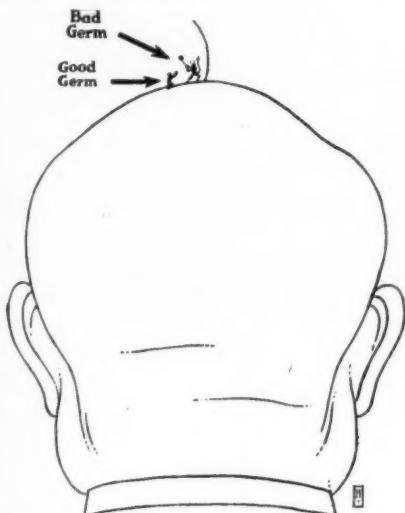
Alas! and again alas, my brethren, for we shall never know!

Seven-year-old Elsie ran up to her mother, saying: "Mama, Gertrude just said, 'I ain't neither.' That's pretty poor geography, isn't it?"

"I didn't see you in church yesterday."

"No; Willie didn't shovel a path through the Sunday papers in time."

Man is ninety per cent water, and like water, he finds it easier to go down hill than to climb.



"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"



LONG LIVE THE KING

(By Bulletins)

I

The King fell off
His royal steed;
(Oh, do not scoff
Who chance to read);
He fell; demise inviting.
And when a king
His horse deserts,
Prompt aid they bring
To heal his hurts—
The doctors come a-kitting:

*Johnson, Jillson,
Bronson, Wilson,
Saxon, Jackson,
All of these—
Simpson, Milligan,
Jimson, Gilligan,
Batterly, Satterly—
King's M. D.'s*

II

They warmed a bed
And put him in;
They cooled his head,
And soothed his shin,
(You probably opined it).
To ease distress
Of kith and kin,
They gave the press
A bulletin,

And this is how they signed it :

*Johnson, Jillson,
Bronson, Wilson,
Saxon, Jackson,
All of these—
Simpson, Milligan,
Jimson, Gilligan,
Batterly, Satterly—
King's M. D.'s*

III

"His pulse is strong;"
"He took some food;"
"His breath is long;"
"His color's good,
Quite royal in resplendence;"
"He slept all night;"
"He's not in pain;"
"His eye is bright;"
"He's well again."

(Signed) Doctors in attendance :

*Johnson, Jillson,
Bronson, Wilson,
Saxon, Jackson,
All of these—
Simpson, Milligan,
Jimson, Gilligan,
Batterly, Satterly—
King's M. D.'s*

IV

We're pleased to hear
The King will live;
A lusty cheer
We gladly give
For Him the State is steered by;
But Oh! And Oh!
For lads who fell,
For lads laid low
By lead and shell—
Their kin can ne'er be cheered by

*Johnson, Jillson,
Bronson, Wilson,
Saxon, Jackson,
All of these—
Simpson, Milligan,
Jimson, Gilligan,
Batterly, Satterly—
King's M. D.'s*

A. H. F.



FOUND AT LAST

THE POET: Now I know what is meant by the poetry of motion. These poems are *it*.

HIS WIFE: How so, Tupper?

THE POET: They have been going the rounds of the editors for two years

Married Life—The First Day

BREAKFAST TIME.

HE: Isn't it cold this morning?

SHE: Yes. What?

HE: The weather, of course.

SHE: Oh, I thought you meant the coffee.

HE: I'm not going to the office today.

SHE: I'm so glad. Have some mush? And he did, and then all at once it was

LUNCH TIME.

HE: Ummm! This is good. And you made it yourself?

SHE: Do you really like it?

HE: Can I kiss you at the table?

SHE: Why not?

HE: That's right, why not?

They do, and suddenly it is

SUPPER TIME.

SHE: You don't know how happy I am.

HE: How happy we are, dear.

SHE: I'm so tired.

HE: So'm I.

SHE: You may kiss me.

He does, and suddenly it is

BREAKFAST TIME.

MRS. GRAMERCY: What do we need for dinner?

BRIDGET: Shure, Mum, Oi tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes.

Still waters may run deep, but charged ones get into a good deal better society.

Another of the advantages of being good is the pleasure derived from being shocked.



Bell Telephone Exhibit, Panama-Pacific Exposition

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"It is the most beautiful and inspiring Exposition the world has ever seen." —President Hadley of Yale, in speaking of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

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listen to talk in New York, three thousand miles away; they hear the roar of the surf on the far-off Atlantic Coast; they witness a demonstration of Transcontinental telephony which has been awarded the Grand Prize of Electrical Methods of Communication.

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One Policy

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ART CALENDARS FOR 1916

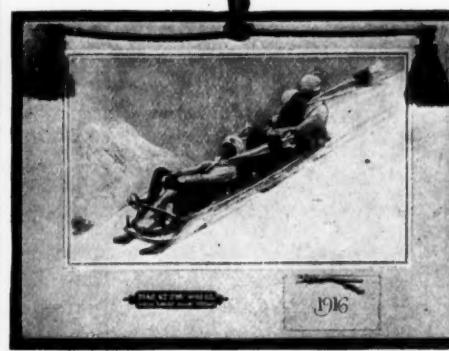
This is but one of a complete line of PUCK CALENDARS, placed on sale for the first time this year.

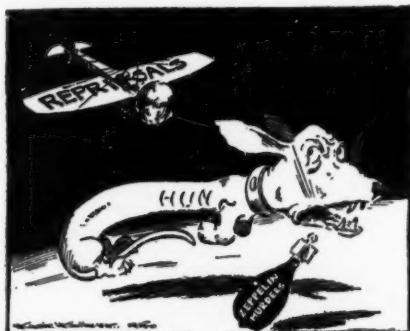
They include scores of the celebrated color plates that have made PUCK the most talked-of weekly in America. They are made of heavy art mounts, tied with finest silk floss or ribbon, and constitute a room decoration of rare beauty.

All calendars neatly boxed, sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price, in stamps, check, or money order. Indicate plainly on your order which calendar you desire.

Send for Descriptive Circular

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
210 Fifth Avenue, New York City





Metaphorically speaking, this is the only way to make him "drop it."
—The Daily Graphic, London.

A Pugilist's Life

Chapter I — A Comer.
Chapter II — A Stayer.
Chapter III — A Goner.
Chapter IV — A Has-Been.

Limitations

MR. SCRAPPINGTON (*musingly*): As Lincoln said, a man may fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time —

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON (*briskly*): But you can't fool me any of the time!

When the astronomer discovered that the comet must certainly collide with the earth, and that the result of such a collision must be the earth's instant annihilation, he grew pale.

He carefully verified his figures, step by step, and grew paler.

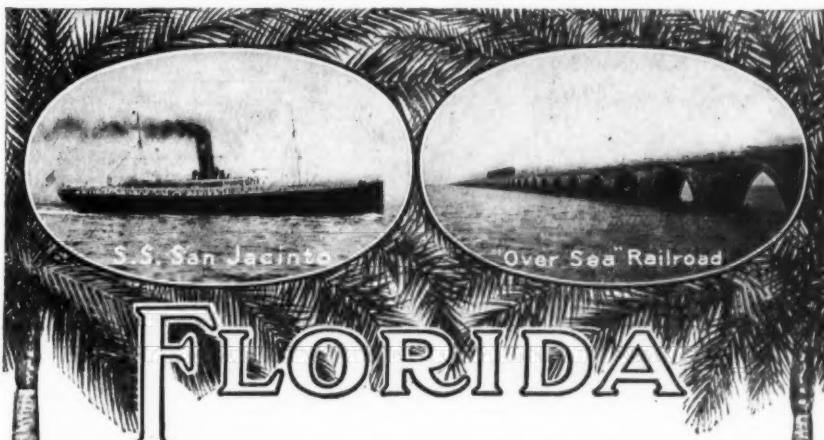
"If this is so," he exclaimed, trembling, "I ought to be able to write a magazine article about it which would pay me enough to buy my next winter's coal!"

And he mopped the perspiration from his brow.

Any law which compels a pig to take his feet out of the trough is confiscatory in the eyes of the pig.



CLANCY: An' there wor hot times at Flannigan's christenin' ov the twins?
DOLAN: Wor there? Begorrah! Oi t'ought at wan toime it would wond up in a wake!



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556 Fifth Avenue

ART GALLERIES

find that by advertising in *Puck*, because of James Huneker's masterly reviews, they reach a picture-loving, picture-purchasing clientele.

Ask for Rates

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 10.)

esting, too, is the decorative head of Katharine Drier. Will Guard, poet, patriot, "passionate press-agent," is a capital interpretation of a lovable personality, though it represents only a twenty minutes' sitting (it also suffers from a too elliptical treatment). The water colors are excellent notations, as are the etchings. Decidedly, Miss Goldthwaite has "arrived"; but her admirers should not couple her name with Berthe Morizot's, that gifted sister-in-law of Edouard Manet. Madame Morizot had a touch of genius; the young American is brilliant in promise.

At Ehrichs

The Ehrich galleries are now located in the millionaire zone of upper Fifth Avenue, and are much more commodious than the old gallery lower down. Having the entire building, the Ehrich brothers, Harold and Walter, are enabled to present simultaneously several exhibitions. At present there is, besides the current collection of old masters, a showing in the top gallery of etchings by a young Cincinnati artist, A. A. Blum, who was a pupil of our Academy school. His work betrays individuality, notwithstanding its evident derivation from such disparate masters of the needle as Zorn, Whistler, and Seymour Haden. Arresting is his sequence, entitled "Rhythm of Line," which are free and full of fancy, though suggesting the rhythmic swirl of Henri Matisse. There is stuff in Blum. The Winslow Homer water color show at the Brooklyn Museum was a noteworthy artistic affair. Director William Fox is making things move in the Eastern Parkway. There is a Black and White exhibition there at present. The Hayley Lever one-man exhibition at the Macbeth comes too late for inclusion in these notes, as does the exhibition at Kennedy's of Frank Benson's delightfully spirited etchings of field and forest. Both will be dealt with later, as will the fifth annual exhibition of the National Association of Portrait Painters, and the New York Water Color Club. The Winter Academy, too, is not far away. After the three Sargent's, shown at Knoedler's, several portraits by Pierre Tartoné were on view. The most eye-arresting — indeed, you could almost hear its explosive fulgurations — was the full-length of His Eminence Cardinal Farley. This handsome ecclesiastic and prince of the church — familiarly known to his clerical admirers as the "Prague Jesus," because of his resemblance to that historical work of art — is a study in hot scarlet.

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—Utica Observer.

HARPER & BROTHERS
[ESTABLISHED 1817]

Puck



HURTING THEIR FEELINGS.
—N. Y. World.

VISITOR: These studio apartments are quite delightful, don't you think?

COMMERCIAL-APPEARING TENANT: Oh, they're so-so. They'd be all right if so many of 'em weren't occupied by artists.



IT MIGHT BE WORSE

KELLY (*growing pathetic*): Pity a poor unfortunate man, Kelliher, that's got to go home to his wife

KELLIHER: Brace up, Kelly! Brace up! Ye should be thankful ye are not the Sultan

"Won't you take my seat?" said the man in the street-car, as he lifted his hat to the pretty girl.

"No, thank you," she replied; "I've been skating all the afternoon and I'm tired of sitting down."



"How is it, Professor, are you going to America?"

"Ja, I am going on the expeditionary force, charged with the duty of converting the hostile statesmen and financiers to our beloved Vaterland."

—Le Rire, Paris.

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Puck



\$1 DOWN

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An Appreciation

By a prominent New York Physician

Dr. S. S. Goldwater retired from the office of Commissioner of Health after a year and a half of brilliant achievement and reform.—*News item.*

Who was it back a year'n a half,
Took leave of Sinai's hard-worked staff
And gave them time to loaf and laugh?

Goldwater

Who, then, for nearly thirty days,
With furrowed brow and serious gaze
Concocted schemes to mend our ways?

Goldwater

Who chucked the old, tried out the new
And showed us lots of things to do,
And do them darned sight quicker, too?

Goldwater

Who made officials use their brains
To give us seats in subway trains
And got great glory for his pains?

Goldwater

Who muzzled all the canine tribe
And suffered many a cruel jibe,
Who pained the *Herald's* pitying scribe?

Goldwater

Who smote the patent nostrum fake
And made ungodly dealers quake,
Who'll teach them no more laws to break?

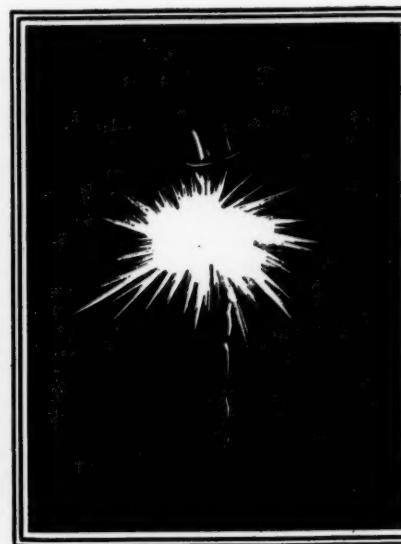
Goldwater

Who figured in the public press
Each day a column, more or less,
Kept politicians on the guess?

Goldwater

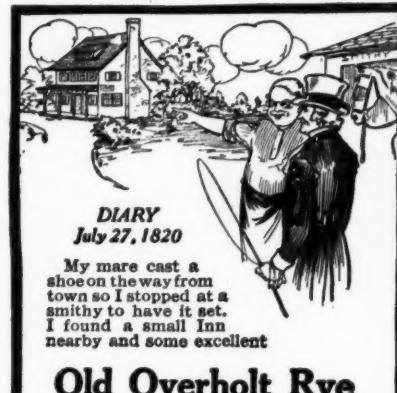
Who hoped 'gainst hope that he'd remain,
And helped us greater heights attain,
Who cry aloud, "Auf Wiedersehen?"

All of Us



This is not a post-impressionist's rendering of a bomb, merely Jones lighting a cigarette in Piccadilly after attending a theatre.

—*The Tatler, London.*



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"Same for 100 years"

It's record has been above reproach for over a century. A pure, enticing beverage, always uniform in quality. It's goodness is attested by its nationwide popularity. Aged in charred oak barrels, bottled in bond.

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"An
mat
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wee
smal
It's
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of f
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Puck



"And a year ago I was to have dined in Paris."
—The Evening Sun.

The Value of Money

"Oh, yes," replied the millioned matron, "we make a point of allowing our boy pocket-money regularly. Every week his papa hands Bobby \$1,000 in small change—fifties and twenties. It's only a trifle, but do you know it teaches him the value of money? He isn't quite ten years old, yet he manages his little revenue with a great deal of foresight. It would amuse you to hear him try to beat down a justice of the peace who is fining him for having killed somebody with his automobile. Yes, we insist on his paying for luxuries out of his allowance. We buy his automobiles, but the fines he has to take care of himself."

"I'm in a difficulty over my girl."
"What's wrong?"

"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. If I quit she'll think I don't care for her any longer, and if I go on she'll think she's too good for me."



IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
THE GIRAFFE: If it please Your Highness—
THE KING OF BEASTS: Away from my presence, low fellow!



No, they are not Monkeys—

they are French soldiers. Just how their nose pieces and goggles keep out the poison gas, but let in the air, is told in the December Popular Science Monthly.

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Do you want to know just how they telephone by wireless from Washington to Honolulu?

Do you want to know how stars are made?

Do you want to know why an automobile clock never will keep time?

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50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.

Refinement

A wanderer in the wilderness, and without food, the hapless city sportsman was found at last in an advanced stage of exhaustion. His rescuers propped him up against a tree trunk and offered him a cup of steaming broth. Feebly he waved them away.

"Come, old man; take just a little," said they, again offering the cup.

A spasm, as of distress, passed over the city man's face.

"You—you are serving on the wrong side," he corrected in a whisper.

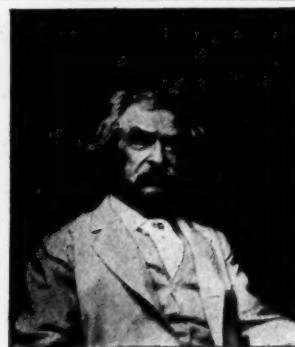
For he had been brought up in a home where only the very best table manners prevailed, and he had often corrected a new waitress for the same fault.

A cozy corner is a place where the cat never sleeps.



ENTRANCE TO THE BALKAN BALL ROOM

ONE BEAUTY TO THE OTHER: "I'm like you, my dear, I don't know with whom I want to dance."

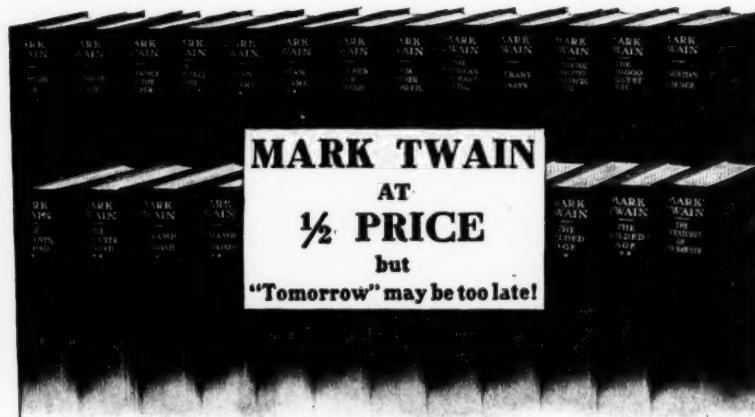


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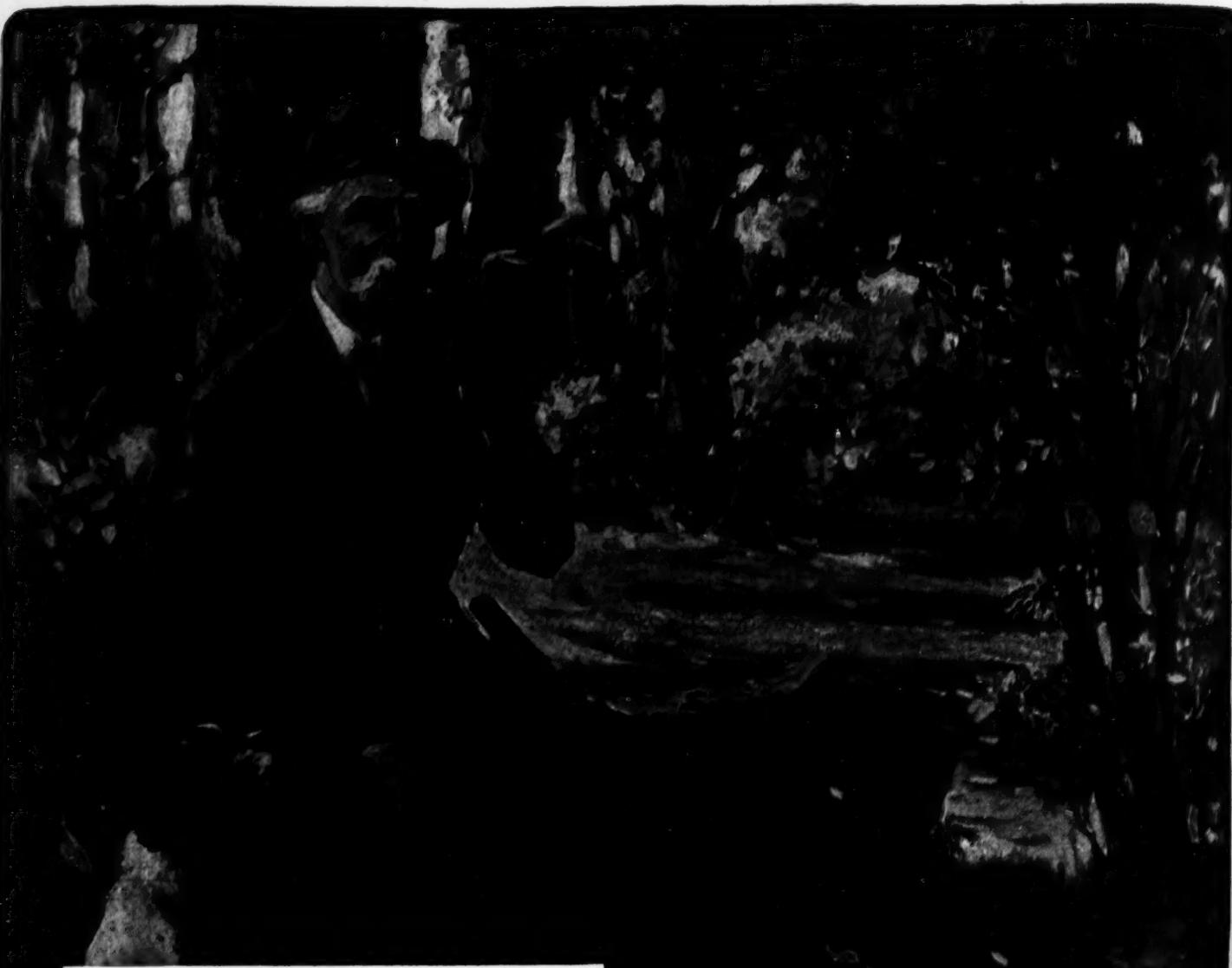
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